

Looking Up.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Ps. 121.

Keep looking up, keep looking up,
The mists will clear away,
In God's own time His loving hand
Will brighten up the way.

Keep looking up, keep looking up,
The eternal hills are there;
Far, far beyond these gloomy clouds,
Are treasures rich and rare.

Keep looking up, keep looking up,
With faith's aspiring eye,
The promise is that help will come,
From Him who dwells on high.

Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes,
And take that outstretched hand:
'Tis Jesus bids thee struggle on,
And victory shall be thine.

—E. M. J., IN THE HERALD AND PRESBYTER.

We Did It.

BY LAURA SLOTTER.

When I read the editorials in the *Gospel Messenger* I am very frequently reminded of the famous "Bear Story." And that all may understand my meaning I will relate it as briefly as possible: Once in their travels, a man with his wife encountered a bear; the man being less heroic than the woman, hid himself. The woman speedily procured a stout club, and after dealing a few well-directed blows, Mr. Bruin was felled. The cowardly husband soon approached on tip-toe and stretching his neck so as to keep as far from danger as possible inquired, "Is he killed?" "Yes": answered the, brave little woman. Whereupon he braces up, and in all the dignity of his manhood says: "Oh, but didn't we kill a big bear." I cannot but believe that any one who has watched the workings on both sides during our church troubles can see at once that the above story plainly illustrates the course of procedure on both sides. When the issue was presented, the Progressives courageously met it; the Conservatives hid, but will most likely claim the victory.

Prof. Austin Phelps asks: "Have you never known a pastor whose ministry had the look of a stern chase? He was not only not in advance of his age, not even abreast of it, but a little, and only a little behind his age, so near that he could always be at a victory, but never there in a fight."

The Dollar Under The Carpet.

The following incident came to my knowledge some years ago; both names and localities were known, but in the lapse of years they have been forgotten; the truth of the story can be vouched for, since the lady who related it knew all parties concerned.

Mrs. B—, living in Boston, was the wife of a poor struggling artist, and was herself devoted to the same work. They lived in small apartments at the South End, and, while there, she became very much interested in a mission church, whose pastor was an earnest, aggressive Christian worker.

The membership of the church was small and poor; and it seems at one time as if the work must be abandoned for want of funds to carry it forward.

The pastor called his flock together, and made an earnest appeal, urging each one to pledge a definite amount weekly for the support of the work. Mrs. B—

—felt herself impelled, by an inward impulse, to pledge the sum of two dollars per week; though she well knew that it was a much larger amount than she, in common parlance, could afford.

Her husband, very naturally, remonstrated; but she told him she was sure that God had required this pledge of her, and that he would help her in its fulfillment.

Her oldest son, a young lad working in a shop, promised to help her with fifty cents per week and she went to work upon her pictures with a new energy.

Week after week, and month after month, she was able every Sunday to carry in her promised offering. Often it seemed until late on Saturday that it would be impossible to do it that week, but before the appointed time something would "happen" which would enable her to fulfill her pledge.

But on one Saturday evening, nine o'clock came, and she had only one dollar; it seemed as if there was no hope that any more would come. She had

failed in selling a picture that day; must she also fail in her promise?

She earnestly began to pray for help, pleading for God's promises; her distress of mind increased; at last she began to walk the floor in an agony of tears and prayer. She felt that if God failed her here, she must believe that she had been mistaken all the time; that his Spirit had not prompted her to make the pledge.

As she walked back and forth she noticed that in one corner of the room that her foot struck upon some hard substance beneath the carpet. At first she paid no attention to it, but after frequent repetitions, her curiosity became aroused. She ripped up the carpet in that corner, and found a silver dollar!

How it came there she never knew. Her husband had lost no such sum, and knew nothing of it; her children and her landlady were equally ignorant; the last occupants of the room were sought out and questioned, but they could give no information. In some way, perhaps some years before, perhaps through some person's loss or carelessness, God had prepared a way for his child out from the darkness and doubt; and on the next day, as she carried her heaven-sent offering to his altar, she could only cry, from the depths of a full, glad heart, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."—K. A. STEVENSON.

The Cry of the Perishing.

The No-Church is the largest on earth. It numbers three-fourths of the human race. It is marching on, while I write, a thousand millions strong. A thousand millions! Imagination fairly staggers under such a figure. Suppose this unspeakable army were to file before you at the rate of one a minute: It would be 5844 A. D. when the last man drew up, walking twelve hours a day: in a year, a quarter of a million; and in forty years, ten millions would have passed you, leaving 990 millions yet to come. You would have to stand on that spot 3960 years to see the rear of this prodigious host! All these are now living and in a few years will be dead, having never heard so much that there was a Jesus! This after eighteen centuries of the Cross! Each of these is a human being; I suppose? Yes. With a dark past and a darker future? Yes. Destined to outlive the sun? Yes. According to your creed damned to death? Yes. And you a Christian? Yes. And not giving even a passing thought to those poor fate-crushed pilgrims, Christless and weary, trudging out into the great night? What! grudged the coin to your mission collector; spent all on your own dear, precious, darling, self! God help you brother. You shall awake yet, like Jonah, and go down to God's school in the belly of hell to learn by misery what mercy means. O sleek, comfortable, well-bolstered Christian, go weep and howl. Your gold and silver are rusted, and the rust of it shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye soft-cushioned, self-loving, select souls, your purgatory comes. In Heaven's name fling off this lethargy, and hear the cry of the perishing! In the name of this Niagara of humanity, plunging over to the abyss, awake! We are our brother's keeper, or his killer.—G. GORDON MACLEOD.

To the Girls.

It is only when girls are known to conceal their doings from their mothers that they become the targets for the shafts of scandal. Innocent faults are always condoned by kind mothers, who know that they were prone to mistakes when they were young; and a girl will never do anything very culpable if she is sure to have no secrets from her mother. Many a woman now looks back upon her past life, and sees if she had been compelled to tell her mother of all that occurred to her, she would have escaped sin and sorrow.

It is said that young girls talk too much about themselves; but it is far better to do this than to tell to little, and to harbor secrets which may lead to deplorable consequences. It is a little rift in the lute that spoils the music; and it is these little defects of character which lead to some of the greatest evils of life.—SEL.

Overcoming Evil.

How are we to overcome evil? With scolding, with complaining, with murmuring, or lamenting? By no means. These themselves are largely evil, and only increase the affliction. We are to overcome evil with good; and the more men do evil, the more we are to do good as a means of counteracting and counterbalancing it. We may complain of the wickedness of the world, but complaining does not work reformation. We have had weeping Jeremiahs long enough; let us have building Nehemiahs, going to work in the name of the Lord.

There is much dangerous, impure, and ungodly literature in the world, but weeping or complaining will never drive it out. Can we do better than to scatter good reading far and wide, and so overcome the evil with the good? Good books, good tracts, and good papers are among the best instrumentalities for fighting that which is evil. Let us do what we can to scatter words of truth and righteousness; and in doing this we shall be doing our best to hinder and restrain evil.

The Alcoholic Serpent.

Recently a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up, having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake (unobserved by him) coiled itself around his arm and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased the danger grew, and at length the sailor was unable to keep his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned around and stung him, and he died. So it is with the appetite of strong drink.—SEL.

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